THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1284.

Original Poem.

SONG OF THE ALP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. R. TAYLOR.

I sit aloft on my throne of snow,
And my vaults of frost the summer vex
Though I smile in scorn below
The valleys gushe in their breathless fear,
When I, lord in mercy, my spear
And shake my locks of snow!

High in a region of cloud and storm
I lift in pride my forehead bare,
And the lengthened array of my front robe
Trails down to the low and curtained globe,
Till on borders (such the dark green wave
In whose serrations shine my feet) I have

How the sunny mountains quiver,
As the avalanche leaps down with a night's wrath!
How the gray old pine-trees shiver
When the lightning bursts on its hoary path!
The clouds like a warrior-band arise
And wheel about through the gloomy skies,
While the lightning hurtles its red fire wrung
And the avowry bolts of the tempest fling!
Hark! what a peal was that!—a dark chestnut heaves,
And the blasted forest to heaven is borne;
High through the air of the stormy land,
Like misty giants the mountains stand,
And their thunders are loosed on the vale
That cries from the delusive calm below!
I sit unmoved till it passes by,
Then vocals that shrouds the sky
And drive the norsar to their tavern'd lair
And smile on the earth a gentler air,
Till sunshine laughs in the shattered pine
And joy restores to the homes of men!

I wear a crown of the workman's gold,
With glorier-gems on my forehead old—
The diamond and the pearl!
What use of the servile earth may dare
From my high locks to me come to tear,
Or mend at my wonderful mine!
For I have ruled since Time began
And wear the latest mode by man;
I crown the coward and crown ease
With the chevil coronet and mighty brow,
For they know the lessons their fathers gave
And bend to the yoke of the overruling slave.

To the normal's voice I thunder
The words of wisdom they will not hear,
And the tyrants trouble under,
As that commoner strikes on the startled ear!
They dare not smart at my lofty rule
For I suffer the pride in the haughty breast
And I speak in the arrogant and imperial tone,
Till its manhood bursts from the dark control
And they answer to the honors of mine!
Whose kindled spirit no rose can tame,
I spoke to Tell when a foreign hand
Lay heavy and base on his native land,
And that glorious flame which he caught from me,
Flamed for law—and has blazed for ever.
The student-lay on the Grecian-plain
Stood up stronger and firmer at my voice;
I called from the crags of the Pyrenees,
What the deeper sound in my realm again,
And Hofer uprang at the proud command
And roused the men of the Tyrol land!

For a thousand per year; ears,
That the storms which knock on my mighty throne
Are but as the sighs of the wind
When the pride of his spirit speaks in man
And he pours in the despot's unshering chain
The hopes of his manhood to break in vain!
The finger of God on my brow is pressed—
His spirit burns in my heart;
My corrosive speak of His presence dread
As they leap in foam from their icy bed,
And the science awe that my summits bear
Bids the shuddering nations fall down!

And the star shrinks back in terror,
That hears no sound but which earth may claim,
And the eye that looked on mine
Turns blanded back from my glance of flame!
Who can rival my lofty mien?
For the might of Eternity clothes my brow!
Has to him who comes with an humbled pride
No scene alone on my lofty side,
I breathe the solemn thought
That like me, deform the conqueror Time,
And bid him go crouched to his dark repair!
What's the honor of mortal fame to me?
A monarch, a regent of God am I,
And these I rose from the dust, bless sky
Below, where the people of my forms are driven,
Like a great people of the air to heaven!
I looked on man as creation's birth,
And ever, in storm and in calm,
Will I thunder down to her fathered and
The words of Freedom and of God.

Original Tales.

THE SCULPTOR'S DAUGHTER.
A Tale of Philadelphia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"No longer she wept, her tears were a spent,
Despair it had drunk up her spirit quite;
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she stooped like a lily broke down by the gale."
Ballad of Auld Robin Gray.

INTRODUCTION.

In the northwestern part of the city of Philadelphia there is to be found, in the midst of a very still stood, an antiquated mansion, which from our earliest recollections was unmounted, and deserted. It was one of those large and roomy houses in those times of stately patience, would be estimated as of moderate dimensions—but which, in "the times of our fathers," when the "world was young," was considered large and magnificent. Its architecture was of olden style, with high arched windows, long projecting eaves, and a roof that ran up from each of the four sides almost to a point. It was built with that solidity of workmanship, and in that old English fashion, with parlor and drawing-room on either side. A flight of marble steps ascended in the spacious front ways, either at the front or back of the house, with the only difference that the back was steeper and shaded by a row of poplars; whilst in front a noble horse-chestnut tree flourished, and spread its brawny arms around. Immediately in the centre of a large lot of ground, which had evidently once been a garden, the old mansion stood, and here, on Saturday afternoon, with our schoolmates, we were wont to meet, and spent and break in our boyish glee.

Beneath the very old and venerable buttonwood of which we have spoken, and which had stood for the very companions of our youth, did we listen to the relation of the history that follows.

An old and venerable gentleman who had often noticed hunting upon his staff near the gate which gave entrance to our play ground, and who for hours together would stand gazing upon the old mansion, and at us, who in our noisy revelry would sometimes disturb the echoes by our merry voices, one day at our pressing solicitations, entered, and, seating himself upon the mossy steps, related to us the following tale, which we have taken the liberty to present in our own way.

CHAPTER I.

In the interior of the humble studio of Signor Alexandro. Around its walls were ranged busts and heads of exquisite finish, with models, half and full-length, whose beauty of execution displayed a mind and talents of no common order in the artist, lovely and matchless as his station was. But in the centre of the apartment stood that which made the sculptor's heart swell with pride, and rivetted the eye of the beholder to its resemblance of outline, and its beauty of design. It was a master's piece, and consisted of two figures, representing a lover rejected, giving a kiss upon his mistress's cheek—the first kiss of love! Nothing could surpass the exceeding tenderness of tone, impartial, in the almost breathing features of the youthful lover, as he bowed by his chisel—the symmetry of form—the matchless proportions—and truthfulness of position. One fancied they could almost see the bosom heave, and the eyes open flash, with the emotions of the tender passion—so lifelike and real did they seem.

But there were two figures near by, who seemed scarcely more animated with the spirit of life than the cold and rigid marble before them; if we except the eloquent expression of admiration that flashed from their eyes, or the slight movement of their lips, as though they would have spoken out the words, yet more spell-bound with its beauties. The one was a young gentleman, of perhaps five and twenty years, with a face that looked like the model we would have been handsome, had it not been for a certain voluptuousness of expression, that ever and anon, would gather upon his brow like a cloud over a bright summer's sun. He wore a dark moustache upon his upper lip, and whiskers upon his cheeks, which had his hair black as that of a dark chestnut brown, and slightly curling, was thrown back from his brow, displaying a forehead of the most intellectual order. He was dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, and was evidently a man of fortune and affluence.

The other was Alvarez himself. He was the elder by some twelve or fourteen years, although the darkness upon his face was more marked with time, and the silvery sprinkling of his once jetty locks, gave him the appearance of one more advanced in years. He was short but muscular in his stature, and had no doubt in his youth been a muscular man. His features were of the most regular kind, yet he had undoubtedly been handsome, but there were yet traces in his well-shaped mouth, his slightly Roman nose, and full speaking eyes, were fancy and flashing, now mild and placid as an infant's—and his forehead of most ample dimensions, which spoke to the beholder of high mental and powerful. Directed of a slightly sorrowful expression, that ever dwelt thereon, his was a face since seen never to be forgotten—and what kind which became at once impressed upon our memory.

"A few more slight touches here and there," pointing as he spoke to the pieces indicated, "and the finished, sir. What think you of it?" And the sculptor folded his arms upon his breast, and awaited the reply.

"What think I? By Venus and by Mars, its grand, magnificent, superb! Why, know you, Signor, could but this hand create such sculptured nymphs as this, I would abjure all flesh and blood, and take to living marble—for they are finish, and could not scold when love would grow neglectful."

A shadow as of pain flitted over the artist's face, as his companion spoke but it vanished again in an instant:

"What do I think?" he continued. "Why that I were sluggard of the wealth I'm master of, did I not make you pay for the value of your prize. Such works deserve reward!"

"I thank you, sir—I thank you warmly, sir. Tis not alone the praise that falls upon the ear, but the hearts in men, yet not for the reward of pay alone, does he put forth the mental energies of his nature, creating touch his work receives, but further handiness aught else but his enthusiastic love of art.

"It may be so," replied Signor Alexandro, "but I think I know, thy work doth far exceed my expectations. In the same ratio you shall be repaid."

The sculptor bowed his head.

"But tell me, Signor, why is all your female statuary of the same type of face and form—however they differ in their features' casts, the same expression is reflected?"

"Think you 'tis so?" the sculptor said half musing, "well, it may be; the hand doth fashion what the heart doth prompt, for in the heart doth live the will to do, without which nothing is done: but when one passion greater than the rest exists within man's breast, it colors all his acts."

"And this one passion, Signor, is it in your own?"

"Tis my paternal love!"

"What! then you have a child?"

"I have—an only one," and from the sculptor's eye a tear stole down that could not be restrained.

"Pardon me all a father's heart could wish, yet you do weep."

"Alas! sir, she is dead!"

He turned away that he might hide his deep emotion.

"Yet she must be most lovely, is she not?" continued his companion.

"Aye—and as gentle, too," was the reply.

"I fain would see her, Alvarez, if you will, to note if you have done your model justice!"

"You shall. This way, sir, if you please," and stepping to a door which opened from the studio, they entered a small though neatly furnished apartment.

The young man started involuntarily at this vision of loveliness that burst upon him. There, beside a little work table, engaged with her needle, sat the object of his admiration. Her beauty was of that for whom he would have given his life, ere the words should visit her cheek too roughly,—the very model of the sculptor's genius. Her form which was slender and delicate, was supported by a head that in contour and developments was indeed a worthy model for the sculptor's genius. Her hair which in color resembled that of her father, black as the raven's wing, was parted over a forehead broad and noble, and was gathered up behind, loose whence it fell in rich clusters of shining curls, even to her very shoulders. Her features were faultless—even to perfection. The slightly curling, but not to haughtiness, and in their tint resembling the brightest coral. Her eye bones were slightly prominent, and the dark lashes which shaded it, and which when it broke its pendent lamp; and her eyes looked by long, fringing lashes, were of that dark and lustrous hue that the sculptor had given to those of his statue. Her cheek was of the purest pearl, and the pertinet little nose upon it was perfect. She wore no ornaments save a ring upon the small taper fore-finger of her left hand, and a small diamond brooch at the bosom of her dress—both relics of days gone by—of better days. Her neck, smooth and sublemished by scar or blemish, was encircled by a collar, and supported

United States SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL C. WARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to our friend T. B., he was good any time to undergrand terms, as we intend, in future, to have no work on hand shorter in size in print. It has many good passages, but on a whole it is unfinished. Those writes indeed to a man difficult undertaking for young writers, and we would advise no short to attempt it until he has mastered his taste and refined the ear by the constant study of the great masters in composition. We thank him for his favor of the 1st inst. The poem would be done better in prose. To publish all, would be doing him an injustice: to publish all, would be doing him an injustice.

"NARRAL."—as it is for insertion. The writer has given his name to the editor. We'll be prose to "follow him."

"E. P."—your letter shall appear.

Our friend, "E. M." of Lewes, we have already published the author's not received the manuscript.

"To a Dear Brother."—does not appear to us as original. If the writer will send it to us, we shall be happy to publish it.

Our correspondent in Cynthiana, Ky., will see, on examination, that his plan will not answer; for the 8-25 carry it in the weight of the others, which is always heavy. Now the gun which would carry inside the outer barrel would increase the weight. The calculation is correct, but not done, and might be of advantage.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A word to young married ladies! We see that a couple, just wedded, in New Hampshire, intend to dance all night and breakfast together on the best way to make a good beginning. Now that was a wise couple! There is nothing like making an onset at once, when you set out in life; and our grandmothers used to marry the sad and sit in procession, before evening company, to bring good fortune into the household. In these times, the ante-dollar has lost its efficacy, and the old superstitious custom is very properly exploded. Let us recommend a second and sensible substitute. Follow the example of the wedded pair above-said, and immediately subscribe for a newspaper—or (as large old-style subscribers best know that in your good sense, vanished that you will order forwarded, some fortune's young person to the Saturday Evening Post. Not to take the paper is to be quite unfashionable. You might as well be out of the world at once—and be done. Yes, not we are the losers. We have hundreds on our list now, who have not make more than two twenty years and to whom we are as indispensable as a cup of tea to a dowager, or his pipe and tobacco to an old sailor. And all this while we have been adding thousands of more subscribers yearly to our list. Because we don't talk at this every week, it must not be supposed we are idle. If we don't brag as much as some of our neighbors, we do more. We shall never, pull ourselves into the frog, to burst-ing! (Sic!)

Bragging, by-the-bye, is an immensely lucky Yankee business in private life, is always a coward. A man knows what's what (magic) in and meets it with a stout heart; the braggadocio knows nothing of part, and is scared out of his wits when he sees what it is. Another unfortunately luster in that of ours planning. Your grumbler is always a coarse to him-self and a pest to his neighbors. Nothing satisfies him. If it is cold, he longs for the heat; if it is hot, he longs for the cold. In autumn he would have it spring, in spring, autumn. In his business is successful, he grumbles because it is not better; and if he gets into difficulties, he grumbles because he must have had such bad luck to contend with. What a pity all grumblers could not be served like the one who waited on Mr. Gerard to collect money for a account! The equitor never gave him a farthing for his medical labor. The man grumbled. "Don't came more to another church," said he. "I don't need further; for if Providence was to move out our deserts to either you or us, we should be much worse off!

If anybody has cause to grumble it is neither you nor we, for, acting on a rule made known, we have consequently nothing of the sufferings of bad humanity. The low-minded, unclean, food or raiment, should be met with contentment. In this inclement season are we daily grateful at our exemption from those physical secrets, into which, at one time or other, the hero of one great crime, unhappily experience! For many years have not been so much deviation, especially in Washington as the reader may see by looking to our total news. The cause of this is the present, which, every one knows, is a time for fasting. Fasting is an exercising to eate. We have no doubt that the suffering, in other sections of the country, is equally great. But what can be the reason of the state of the weather, unless in saying that the winter shows a greater average, both of cold and intensity, than any weather within the last twenty years.

The snow is deeper than has been known for many a longer period. In our city, a snow storm set in on Saturday, which raged for thirty-six hours, accompanied by a violent wind. In four days there was not two times resolved to from either New York or Boston. We thought before that we had encountered a full allowance of inconvenience, but, but before we was what Cowper would have called a "freezing-ing misery." The weight was actually upon for three days, and the horses of the city has been kept of work an expensive amusement, and few were out except the worst out of Wednesday began to grow right gaily.

Our eastern friends have had vaughing to close quarters. A Major Downing of Gallant's letter mission for twelve weeks. In Vermont the most is now out on a level. In some parts in the mountains we last night from New York, there were to follow-ing we above it, ever since the first of January—and another that! In New Scotia the cold has been more intense, if anything, than with us, and has been severe.

Yet in England—not unlike as it may seem—the spring flowers have long been out, and many of the trees are in leaf. A letter, dated London, Feb 10, says: "The weather, and has been for a month past, the whole is in good condition, and the fruit trees are in full bud. There is no extraordinary appearance of severity in the winter, that when it does have an extremely cold winter here, the season is mild and early in Europe, and that when the sea-son is mild here it is cold there." We refer to the winter of 1844-5, for instance, was the coldest known in Europe for half a century. It was rather severely trying this here. Fuel is rather low, consequently severe, it is customarily used in England. We offer a delightful day. One week, in our opinion, readers. We would especially recommend the two letters of our correspondents, J. Barnes Taylor, who is now among the dead, and Dr. Hall, who is still among the living. Both of them have pulled a glorious pear-like for the number for next and judge!

CALIFORNIA.

Mr. I. E. W. Leaver was at Little Rock, Ark., at the last dates, intending to begin his campaign into and the Gadsden was soon to spring upon. The course of the dynasty now him there and says he knows not any person more sanguine of the success of an enterprise than Leaver is of his destiny, or which he is about to engage. He has secured nearly two hundred letters of inquiry, in behalf of the writers and many others, and expresses his belief that between five hundred and one thousand will rendezvous at Fort Smith by the first Monday in April next for the journey. He expects to re-main at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, until the first of March, when he will start for Fort Smith.

HONOR AND TRUTH.

There is no pursuit in life to the neglect of our affairs, of more than the being what is known as

[illegible]

[illegible] to offer a falsehood or to act one. [illegible] to be a man of honor and truth. [illegible] to be a man of honor and truth. [illegible] to be a man of honor and truth

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Agents are requested to endeavor to make quick remittances, and to inform us in the letters which accompany them, the month at which the subscriptions commenced.

Back numbers will be furnished to new subscribers from the first of the present volume.

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Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for the Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana Post Offices, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and collect and receipt for the same.

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The Post Master where the money (not exceeding five dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who pays the money, stating the name of the person who deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publishers, and the Publishers will then write to the Post Master where the money is payable.

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Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office may remit to the Treasurer, by mail, notes of solvent banks as payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *for Belmont*, (1) *January*) for 228 engravings and 30 pages. *With a Child May, on a new plan. New York: Huntington & Savage.* (1846.) This number of Godey's Lady's Book is by the celebrated Fenn Farley, a name which, in the estimation of the fashionable portion of the community, is not a little. It does not change the mode: and therefore when it comes to the fashions, we have no ambitions of being also universal Congressmen, their usage, as well as their letter press and and manner, and the variety of matter that the learner, distracted by too many objects, carries away little but memory that it is full, and the reader ought right to offer no more to the child's attention than he is competent to receive. A child's book is a room, as it were, of geographical knowledge. For instance, the map of the United States, omitting the country, the map of Europe, only the general outline of her kingdoms, omitting her petty divisions. Pictures. We have the child can then remember; but give him also the volumes which contain the history of the country, and the peopleand and remembered, and remembers nothing. The mind is overwhelmed and children are not to be taught in this sense Peter Parley here in mind when writing this Geography.

We open this book at page 56, and find a small map of New England, which embraces all that a child of its age may be made an example of the author's plan. The State of Massachusetts in this map has no counties mark, of all, save of the smallest size, and the towns. Only cities mentioned are Boston, Lowell, Worcester, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, New Bedford, which being the eight principal towns are the final learner in the child's mind as well as those seventy other places also been put down, his mind would have been overtaxed by so many names, and his memory of all the confused.

Another excellent feature in this work is the appropriate engravings. It is scattered through the text, without the necessary and encourage study. Of those engravings there are over . . . The text too is admirable, for it seizes the characteristics of every country and history of the country, and the author. "They are remarkable in three respects: first, for a wide and liberal, in a general use of *stone tales*." And of Pennsylvania, the author gives a specific description. "It is remarkable in *four* respects; first, as comprising the centre of the original thirteen States; second, as having *the richest coal mines* in the country; third, as being the seat of one of the most celebrated *Quaker* settlements; fourth, as having been *founded by* English *Quakers, under William Penn.*"

We give it as our deliberate opinion, that this is the best school Geography now in use. It should be adopted in all the seminaries of the country.

THEOPHILUS EXPLAINED AND DEFENDED, *in a Series of Sermons. By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., late President of Yale College. New York: Robert Carter, late of the Author. In Four Volumes. Vols. I and II Family Edition. Price $1 50. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* 1846. The Sermons of President Dwight have long become classics among evangelical readers of the Bible. The present edition we have these discourses elegantly set forth in large type and on fine paper. Every member of the family of a place in the library should be thus printed to permanent possession. Its moral and intellectual purity and fitness paper. It is not always, now-a-days, that the publishers of books are entitled to such praise. Indeed this edition of Dwight should be regarded with increasing gratulation.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, *for March*, is on our table. The original communications are "Medical Reform," "Experience of the Dead Subject," "Medical Jurisprudence," "On the Identity of Variola, Varioloid, and Vaccine Disease," and a "Case of Extreme Dilation of Ulcer." The biographical and editorial matter is ample. *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

GOD SPEEDS. *A Tale of Georgia. By W. Gilmore Simms. Two volumes in one. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* "A Tale of Georgia," by Mr. Simms, romances forms the fourteenth number of Harpers' Pocket Edition of Select Novels. The price of the last named is 37½ cents, and can be had in this edition at the reduced price of 25 cents.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, *for March*, contains four engravings, one of which, "The Tax-Gatherer," is very excellent. The literary matter is also of a high character. Among the best written are—MARCY, Fanny Forester, Chapter, &c. Arthur's Magazine is published by Arthur, Peterson, and deserves, as we have no doubt he will command, success.

Casualties.

☞ The Worcester (Mass.) Transcript mentions a fatal accident which occurred near the depot in Oxford, on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. A man by the name of Stephen Bibby, in attempting to cross the track as the Worcester train was coming in. The warnings from the approaching train were disregarded. The engine struck Mr. Bibby's sleigh and threw him upon the track; the train passed over him and killed him instantly, literally crushing him. The horse and sleigh escaped.

☞ The steamboat Saladin, while coming down from Nashville on the 13th ult., came into collision with the steamboat Congress, in her upward trip. Mud filled or twenty dark hands and forward cabin demolished, and almost the hull; cabin. All what were scalded were taken to Vicksburg and placed in the hospital there. Mr. David Hall, 1st engineer, and two firemen of the Congress, died on their arrival at Vicksburg, on Monday, the 16th ultimo.

☞ A little son of Professor Wade, of Wabash College, Ia., was killed a few days since by the kick of a horse.

☞ Mr. Grove, Groton, of Richmond, Massachusetts, was killed by the falling of a tree on the 24th ult. a most effective calamity on Tuesday the 17th, in the act of attempting to make a bottle of cordial. Having never taken the old article, Mr. Grove has neglected the precaution of providing himself with a blanket for smothering the flame in case of ignition; and instead of making the fire in the open air for greater safety, he centered the business in the house. Before the bottle became, over the fire contrivance he had dreadfully burnt, over the house. After the turpentine had become hot, he discovered that, by some means, the cork had by his sealing fastened in the bottle, and the brandy on the under side of the bottle. Alarmed, at this, instead of putting out the fire in the stove, he seized the bottle to carry it out of the house; when instantly, on taking it off the stove heated and he was carried out in the open air. Every means was resorted to, but without success. The doctor, when I left, and he left the room enveloped in a sheet of flame. He was a young man, of the highest character, and left his family, thinking in the hope of having something to support them from the free, but was nearly suffocated by the smoke and flame. He died in about 24 hours afterward. He has lost his all; and now for several days past has been much of the time a raving maniac from his terrible affliction. There is little hope of his life.

☞ Benjamin Jones of Lyndeborough, N. H., was found in the woods on Monday, March 2, a few days since. His team was drawing a load of wood home, and when within a few rods of his house, they got into a snow drift, from which they could not extract themselves, and while endeavoring to do so, he was overcome by the cold and frozen to death.

☞ The wife of Paul J. Wheeler, Esq., Postmaster at Croydon, Ver., N. H., was so badly burned on the 17th, by her clothes taking fire from a stove, that she died in two days afterwards. Mrs. G. A. Graves was burned to death at Guilford, Vt. on the same afternoon.

☞ At Gayeville, Vermont, Orrin Bennett, son of Reuben S. and R. Woodstock, became entangled in the team attached to a harrow, which caught evenly and instantly killed.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Scientific Incentions—A word about Fashion!—Exploits of a Tiger and Bear—Literary Gossip—The Weather—Dreadful Accidents—Steamships Enterprise, Great Western and Baron Wiser—Small Coal—Miscellaneous—King Consort, a Well Known Character.

Bristol, England, February 7, 1846.

The scientific and railroad people here are full of two new inventions, the particulars of which could not be clearly described in writing, as I have and understood them, which I do not. They are the "Magneto-Atmospheric Railway," in which the power is supplied by the electric engine as well combined with that of air—and the simple "Atmospheric, or Compressed Air-Railway." Either of these is said to be brilliant, will supply what is a matter of economy and efficient speed—in fact the engineers will be sent to bring Medoia have been made, and the new motive power has been approved by scientific men of high character. So, you see, the days of steam are numbered and the "iron horse" being thrown into the stade. Truly we live to a wonderful age. The very elements are subdued to our will. It is not the millenium approaching? One could almost think so. Even the latest Parisian Fashions evince a religious, if not a spiritual character. Bonnets are worn by the ladies' crapes a la religieuse. For example—fashions for the month of January, which describe elegantly pelisses in green waddled—Capote Pottanges in black satin—long Andalusian veil—and a large Spanish mantilla of white lace. Also, a new prayer-book, bound in violet colored velvet, and closed with a large gold cross. There is also another, with a row of buttons of gold, and a rich black velvet in Amazon style, or a robe of grey satin "hodden grey," Amazon form, fastened with a row of buttons of gold, and a satin collar—a Pamela bonnet of purple velvet, trimmed with ribbons of the same color. Rich satin of scarlet or noble for. The general sentiment of these dresses is of the serious, and pensive—rather of the religious costume of by-gone days.

But I must leave these vain matters of art for a moment, to say something about savage nature in the shape of wild beasts. We have had a fight at Royal Wood Tiger—meaning, as the showmen call it, "wild wood tiger"—and a bear. In the classic of mighty fellow whiskers,) and eight lies from the tail to the nose." Well! this monster engaged himself as to the village of Father Hill, Bedham, near Exmouth, from a menagerie. He ran, he raged, he roared, and he flew mad quiet. Nothing would do for the monster but one of the bohemoth, all of whose except a few men with guns. He was in the centre of their hearts—they to their centre—"such a gettin' up stairs!" Many who ascended to the roofs of cottages, seeing the tiger below, plunged in the water. Perhaps with the agility of a clown in a pantomime—having suddenly remembered, doubtless, that tigers could swim some twenty or thirty feet and reach their prey. It is probable that the cries, screams and shouts vastly produced more terror to the animal than what he felt by the pistol shot. But the Indian jungles soon cleared out of the place, and the tiger was left master of the field. After the killing and devouring of a sheep—shortly after, weeks killing two more in the next field. As for the bear—he was a most unwieldy rambling gentleman, repeated them all with scorn and contempt, as being beneath his notice—but amongst the sheep he continued in great force. In the course of the next few hours, a very famous of destruction. The farmers and their sons, together with the proprietors of the menagerie, and the village, to the number of the bohemoth, all of whom except a few men with guns. He was in the centre of their hearts—they to their centre—"such a gettin' up stairs!" Many who ascended to the roofs of cottages, seeing the tiger below, plunged in the water. Perhaps with the agility of a clown in a pantomime—having suddenly remembered, doubtless, that tigers could swim some twenty or thirty feet and reach their prey. It is probable that the cries, screams and shouts vastly produced more terror to the animal than what he felt by the pistol shot. But the Indian jungles soon cleared out of the place, and the tiger was left master of the field. After the killing and devouring of a sheep—shortly after, weeks killing two more in the next field. As for the bear—he was a most unwieldy rambling gentleman, repeated them all with scorn and contempt, as being beneath his notice—but amongst the sheep he continued in great force. In the course of the next few hours, a very famous of destruction. The farmers and their sons, together with the proprietors of the menagerie, and the village, to the number of the bohemoth, all of whom except a few men with guns. He was in the centre of their hearts—they to their centre—"such a gettin' up stairs!"

Comic Poem.

MISS MARY.

Mary had a lamb;
A comely lass it was,
Whose beauty dazzled Rabbi Ben;
At evening, when her sire
Sat in the gate,
Her lamb would follow her
Like a dog.

Rabbi Ben was a man
Who loved his money well;
He gave his daughter Mary
Many sheep.

Mary's lamb grew fat,
And sometimes went proudly;
On many days she spoke a shawl—
On rainy or unsteady.

Rabbi Ben's wife scolded—
She was sure to do a wrong;
She taught her temper between her teeth,
"I have people's interests to-day.

"For years have always found her kind;
She's unique for others sake;
Or for Rabbi, she she she she,
Or for Mary, she she she.

Rabbi Ben's son Simeon did not like
Mary's lamb;
To cultivate her mind,
She was her equal as before—
His hostile as before.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought,
And so she always drew her mouth,
An every body ought.

I could recite she was, and who has not?
She unless clean to relate;
For whom her sons are transplanted on—
She angel sort of my sons?

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for Gent or Earl,
And all the neighbors say she is
A picture of a girl.

From the Magazines.

FROM ARTHUR'S HOMESPUN, THE MAGIC.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Our May," as every body called May Loomis with the merriest, lightest-hearted, busiest little creature that ever was, a perfect honey-gatherer in and out the sunshine April smile, with a cousin's face for the contrasting shred. It seemed impossible to bring a shade of seriousness over that perpetual face, although I have seen tears starting from her eyes, they were always checked by a smile; or, if suffered to fall upon her face, they were but in a profusion of roguish dimples.

Our May had a cousin, the only one she ever claimed who rejoiced in the name appellative; but although every body said that Miss May Loomis was a very excellent, young lady, no one ever thought of placing the pronoun before the name—indeed, I do not think Miss May would have liked it, as particularly emphatic, for she had a high opinion of her own dignity, and she thought it must be very painful to any lady of delicacy to be hailed by all who ever so thereby under their superior protection. The good-natured laugh of the old farmers shocked her delicate nerves, and the cordial grasp of rosin horny hands was quite too much for her enthusiasm. "How May was very often annoyed when walking with her cousin, by one of the aristocracy.

There goes our May!" from the lips of some poor unsophisticated, or rural-boy; and then to see them fly across the street, as though on terms of the greatest intimacy! Why, it was preposterous. So pleasing! But Miss May was still more annoyed at the excessive vulgarity of her fresh-looked little cousin, who would often stop in the street to inquire after the health and prosperity of the offenders, and send some little message to the children at home. Or with occasion the cloud usually drew herself up to her utmost height—and, to avoid the degree of such improper conduct, walked home alone, in the most dignified manner. But then Miss May was always grieved, if vexations by rule and compose constitutes dignity, and she was never known to do an improper thing in her life. She always carried her feelings in one particular position—the mouth and finger of the left hand, was allowed to repose itself over the three remaining fingers in a very becoming manner. He neck-cloud was at ways crossed upon her bosom, the two ends of precisely the same length; and her collar never had so it a wrinkle. There were two or three plaits to the waist of her dress, because somebody, the one considered indisputable authority, had said that her plaits were graceful: but she carefully eschew an all extravagance, in the quantity, if not the quality of the cloth she honored by the wear. Her hair (it was the climax of the young lady's vanity,) so carefully braided and parentsed, that it seemed one glossy cluster rather than separate hair. Her head was one could have imagined what be of the pale Miss should that adorned the brow, and gave the curious examiner the idea that it might be of the same material as the head came off.

Miss May's vanity extended to everything about her. Her house-plants were trim and perpendicular, the slightest every coloniser leaf, and she was often heard to interest an opening blossom, because it would produce irregularity, by throwing the balance of ornament on one side the pot. The cloud was fond of exercising her skill in trimming trees in the shape of cones and other figures, while her cousin fostered luxuriances in their growth, and would rather hang on them a willow wreath, or twist a flimsy vine, than to see the symmetry of her uncle's garden standing out stark and stiff, like the specters of a wagon-wheel. Yet the cousins never clashed, for the regularity of Miss May corrected by her disposition and heart, and having her own exactness of rule, or rectitude, she would at once have been caught laughing at her cousin's want of it, or would pull, or wanting a complaint down, as exerting them in the slightest degree. On the other hand our May was too careless and too light-hearted to be stopped by her new cousin's trifling peculiarities, and she encouraged support her better nature, or her in any thing except a lecture on propriety! Miss May never spoke but on the gentlest voice and the most unexceptionable words; but then she often felt it to be her duty to admonish her wild cousin of the folly of her doings, which admonitions met never little favor from her peculiarly nature. She, however, was invested a way of wool up off those mischief of good advice, and was proof of her wit. When Miss May would enter the parlor with a grave look of reproof, and commence with her eminent words, "My dear cousin, I think it my duty to reprobate—" the offender would interrupt her,

"Oh, come out, wait a minute, May, dear, I have something to tell you. Mr. Melroy—"

The moment was announced in one way and sensations in another: but Mr. Melroy was the magic word, and after making her fair mourners both curtsey, the little creature would glide out of the room, and express her self gratulation by a laugh to her and to it was unusual.

Mr. Melroy was our village pastor—a young bachelor of twenty-eight; and a general favorite with all classes of men. He was friendly and courteous with all, but he looked upon the whole human family as his kindred, and his heart never refused to the slightest beggar that solicited its feeling. His voice was full and melodious, but somewhat solemn—his countenance exhibited a fault of melancholy, though at times it was full of benevolence as to be peculiarly interesting; and his manner was earnest and spontaneity. The two cousins were members of Mr. Melroy's church, and the only persons Loomis, was his personal friend; so it is not at all to be wondered at that he became their intimate visitor. He was not ill a master of wonder that one visitable May, contrasted as she was with her grave companions, should almost escape the young pastors notice. Our May saw that Mr. Melroy's attention was all deserted to the cloud; but she was not merry for it; nor her an opportunity to make his fine eyes, as they lighted up with the enthusiasm of his subject, and to catch the variety of expression which gemmed a countenance the most serious face. Our May liked merriment but she liked Mr. Melroy's conversation better, and she never retained to breathe a sound until she was sure he had quite finished. They she would make some remark, as remind that Mr. Melroy would be edified by or wonder a mote upon her in spite of himself, and Miss May would quite forget the half hour's pout, table conversation in expressing a opposite. Sometimes Mr. Melroy would read with the young ladies, or usher with the cloud for our May was constantly bounding from the porch, to, pluck a flower, or chase a butterfly; and yet, the somehow never lost the young clergyman's profitable conversation, for when they were again alone, she would trace her notate course by distorting his beautiful sentiments, and only unsnapping his compliments.

Both of the cousins had a client in the village Sabbath-school, and Miss May was the superintendent of the female department. Mr. Melroy was the superintendent of the male department. Sometimes the cousins met in the same class, and then the opponent of each contended for the mastery. Sometimes they met in the same class, and then the opponent of each contended for the mastery of ridicule, or to state the question before, and for mastery in their country, and then the opponent of each contended for the mastery; but others usually adjourned their favorite controversies to the tea-table, among clergymen's cousins, the old Mr. Melroy, and Miss May used to set the Sabbath-school the course Mr. Thompson